

ESCAPING

REAL
LIFE.

Pop Poetry

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Red Butte--

Escaping real life.

I love the smell of new books.
Books delicate like glass,
pages like smooth sandpaper.
Stories, magical, mythical.
It feels like I'm inside them.

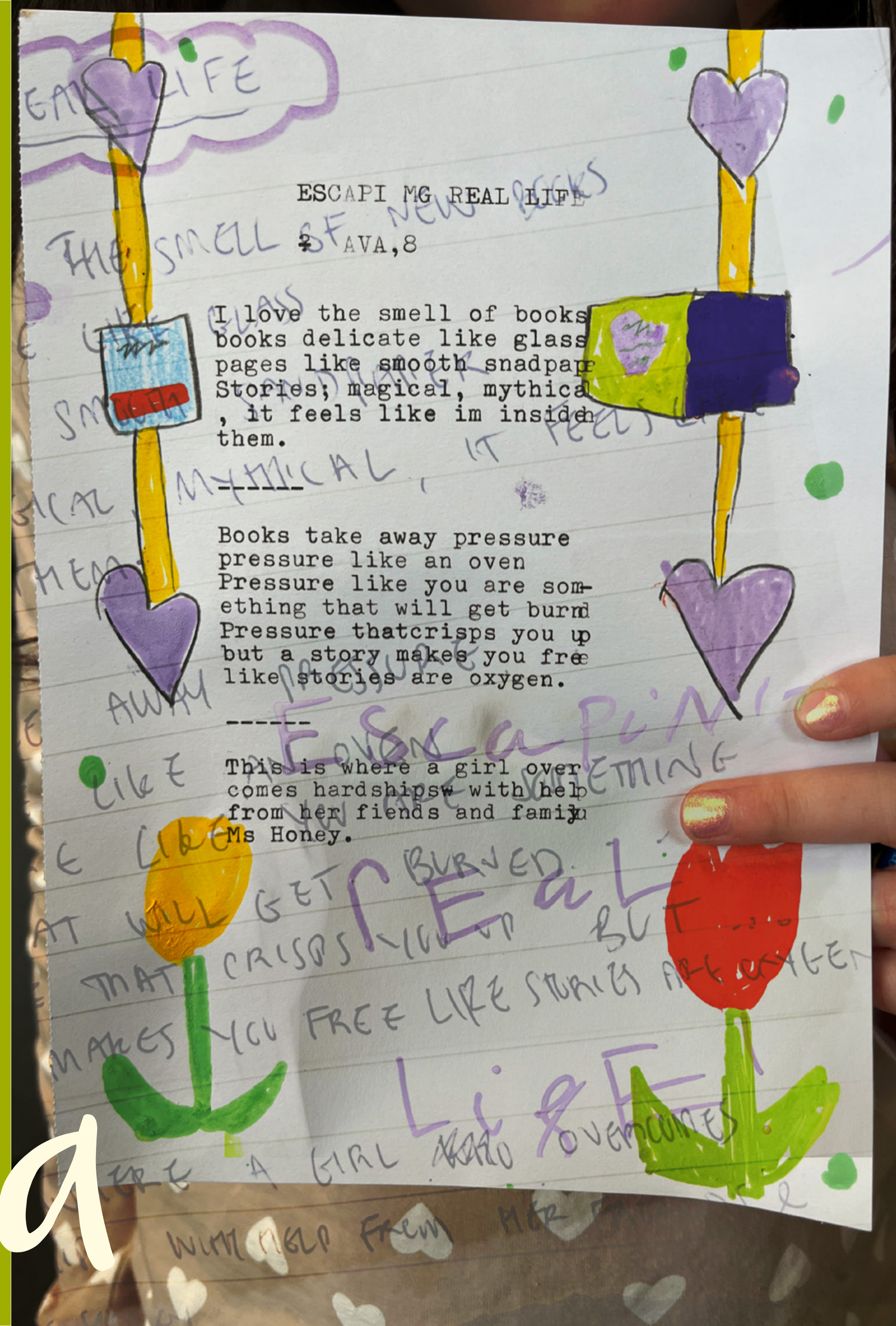
Books take away pressure,
Pressure like an oven
Pressure like you are something
burned.

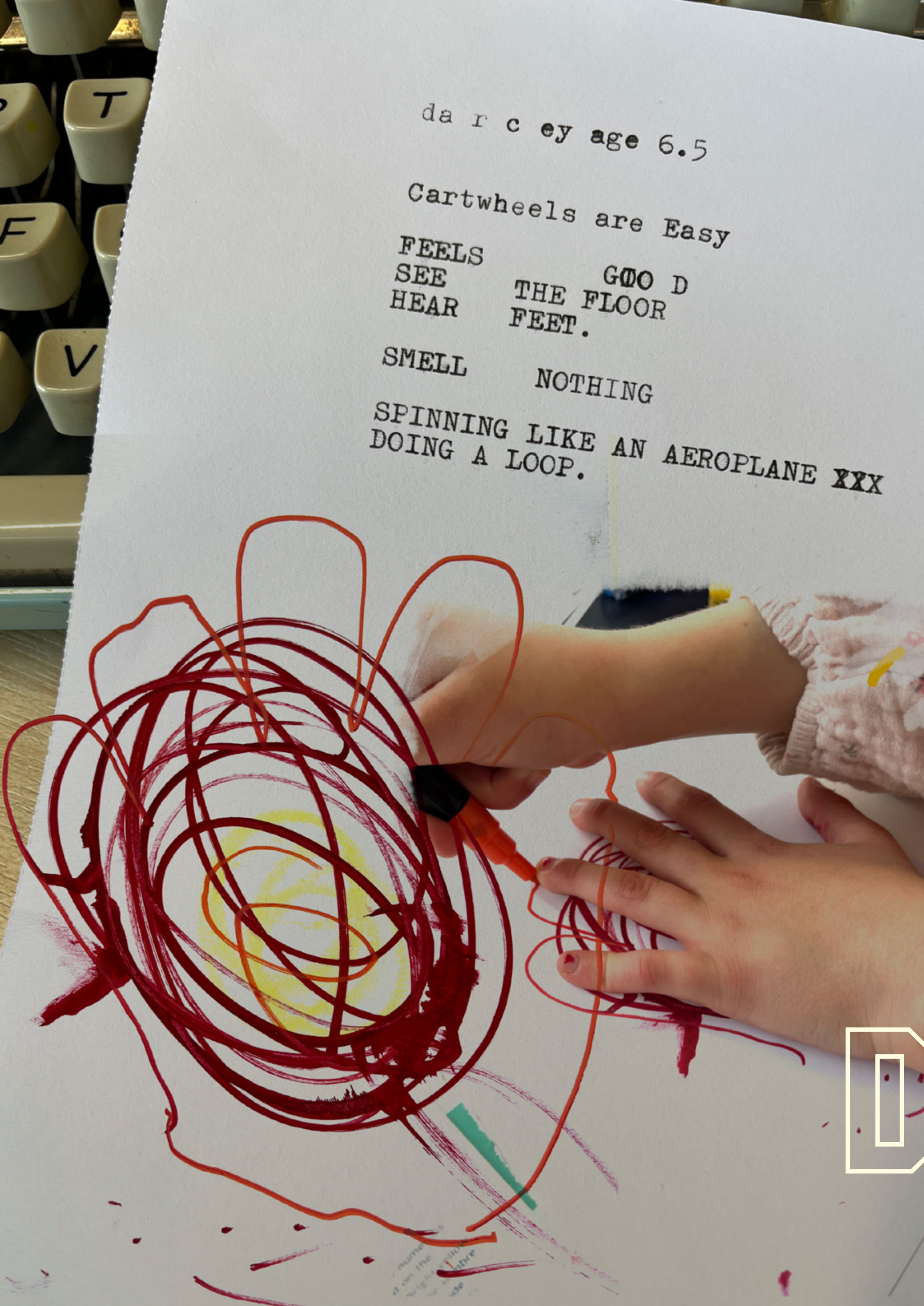
Pressure that crisps you up, but a story
makes you free,
like stories are oxygen.

This is where a girl overcomes hard-
ships, with help from her friends and
family, Ms Honey.

- Ava, 8

Ava





da r c ey age 6.5

Cartwheels are Easy

FEELS G O O D
SEE THE FLOOR
HEAR FEET.

SMELL NOTHING

SPINNING LIKE AN AEROPLANE XXX
DOING A LOOP.

Cartwheels are easy.

FEELS GOOD
SEE THE FLOOR
HEAR FEET
SMELL NOTHING

SPINNING LIKE AN AEROPLANE
DOING A LOOOOOP.

- Darcey, 6.5

DARCEY

Nature is happiness.

Its really fun to plant seeds because
you can always feel a big wind and
breeze.

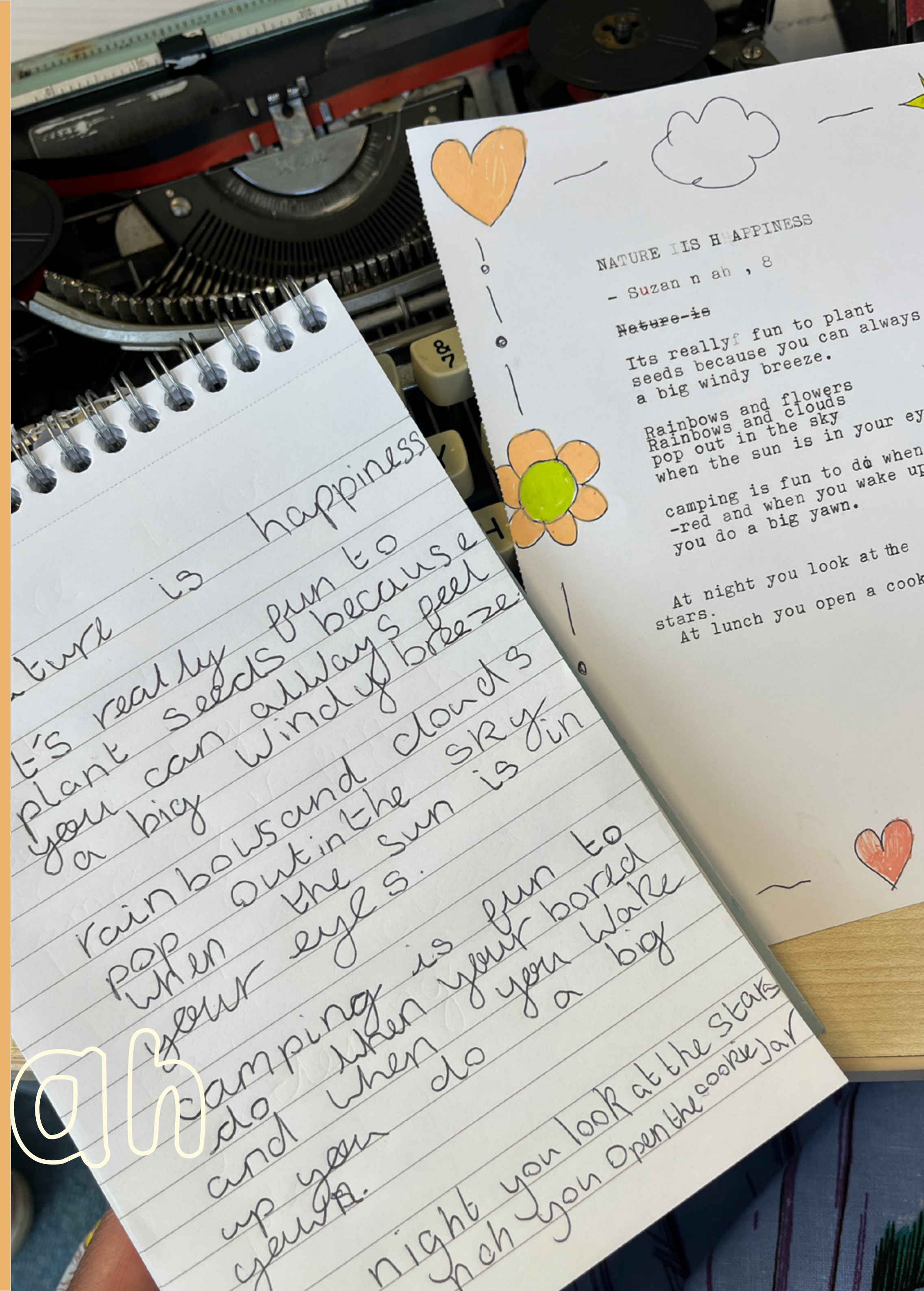
Rainbows and clouds pop out in the
sky, when the sun is in your eyes.

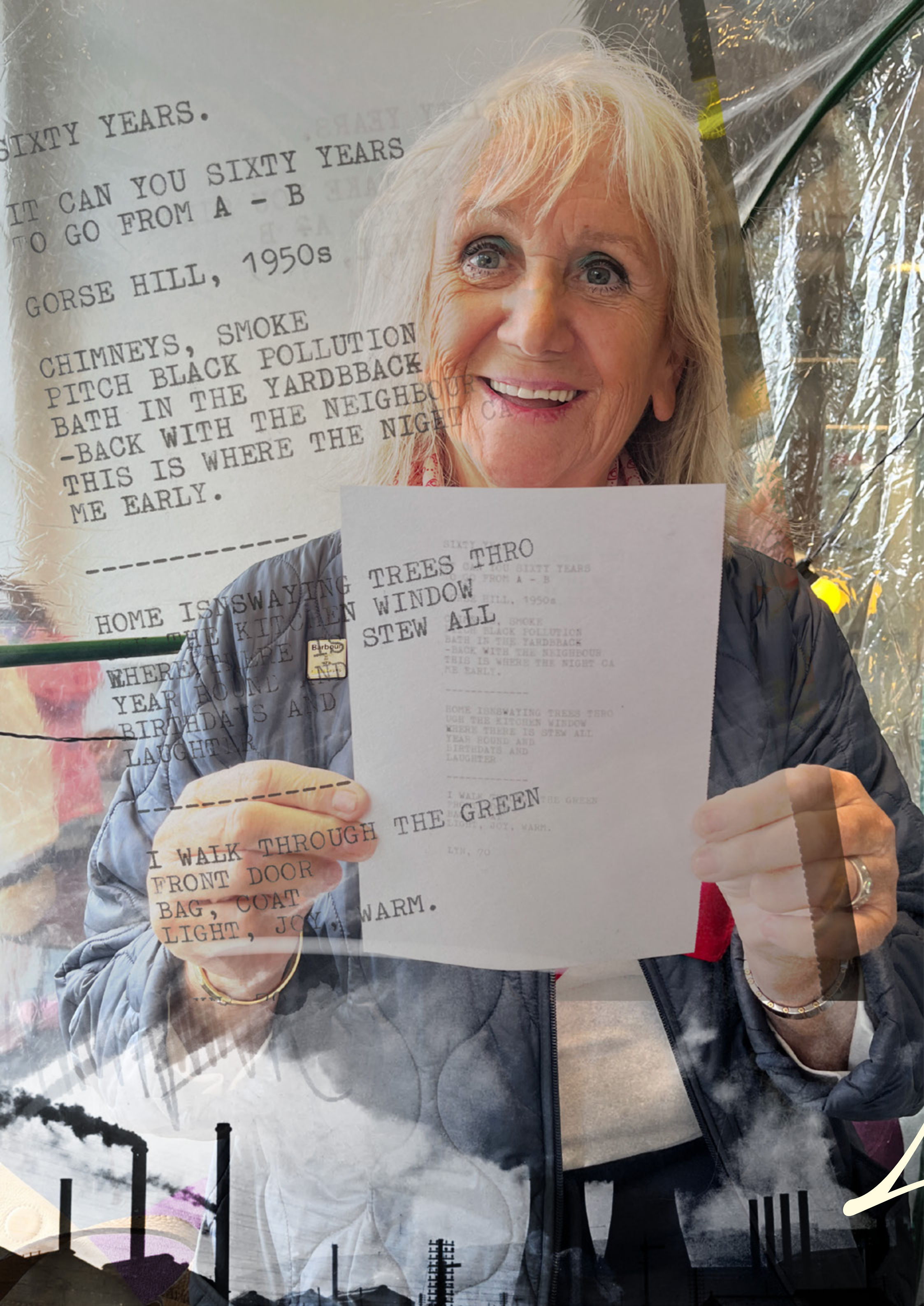
Camping is fun to do when you're
bored and when you wake you do a
big yawn.

At night you look at the stars
At lunch you open a cookie jar.

- Suzannah, 8

Suzannah





Sixty Years.

It can take you sixty years to go
from A-B.

Gorse Hill, 1950's
Chimneys smoke
Pitch black pollution
Bath in the yard,
back-back with the neighbour
This is where the night came early

Home is the swaying trees through
the kitchen window
Where there is stew all year round
and, birthday's and laughter.

I walk through the green front door
Bag, coat, lounge.
Light, joy, warm.

Lyn

- Lyn, 70

Nature at your feet
 Being in nature makes me peaceful,
 Being in the wind makes me laugh
 Watching a storm makes me cosy
 Seeing a rainbow makes me feel happy
 Touching the bark of trees makes me tingle
 Touching the ocean with my bare feet makes me
 Smelling the grass makes me feel new
 Spotting the animals makes me curious
 Swimming in a lake makes me tired
 This is where the waves splash
 This is where wildlife grows.



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- daisy, 9

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- Daisy, 9

11/11

DAISY

Untitled.

Wind pounds on the trees, making a racket of noise whilst a few hundred miles away, avalanches seem to take control of Mount Everest, then in Pompeii Mount Vesuvius probably trying to destroy Pompeii in one big try.

Trees sway.
As I watch them, their movement as vibrant as a painter's palette, leaves falling on my head like mad.

Thunder rumbles in a low pitched singing voice, lightning strikes a tree, now in ashes as it burnt from the lightning.

Now rain falls as much as it was to make a reservoir.

- George, 7

George

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Going to the zoo.

Pollen swirling in the wind.
Life smiling well in a picnic.

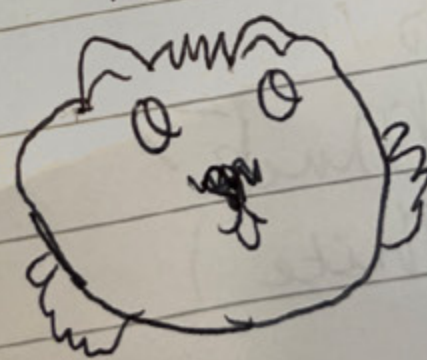
This is where the butterflies
fluttering, elegantly at the
petting zoo.

Stripy tigers, orange and Loud
Stripy zedbras black and white.
Tarantula, furry, sticky and
weird.

Merecat, cheeky, funny and fast.
Snake, scaly, slitherly and slidy

- Ivy, 8

BABY
TIGER



Going to the zoo.

Pollen swirling in the wind
Life smiling well in a picnic,
this is where the butterflies fluttering
elegantly at the petting zoo.

Stripy tigers. Orange and loud
Stripy Zebras. Black and white
Tarantula, furry and weird.
Meerkat, cheeky and fast.
Snake, scaly, slithery and slidy.

- Ivy, 8

Ivy

SPAIN.

Sea,
Sun cream,
Sunglasses,
Sausages for breakfast.

Sand,
Sunny skies,
Seafood for dinner.

Starfish,
Seals,
Shark,
Sadly seagull swooped sandwiches.

Soon in Spain again.

- Billy, 9

Billy

SPAIN.

SEA
SUNCREAM
SUNGLASSES
SAUSAGES FOR BREAKFAST.

??---

SAND
SUNNY
SKIES
SEAFOOD FOR DINNER.

STARFISH
SEALS
SHARK
SADLY SEAGULL SWOOPED SANDWICHES

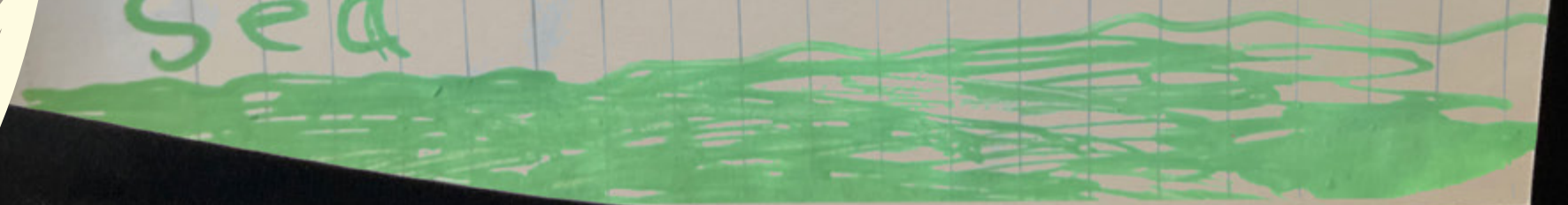
SOON IN SPAIN AGAIN.

- Billy, 9



SPain

Sea



ICAN STILL SMEL L MY MOMS COOKING

On a warm Saturday morning I promised I would only take one serving but I couldn't help myself. My sister comes downstairs to sneak out while my dad watches the news my brother is hiding somewhere to avoid doing the dishes as usual. My friends come over to take what is left of my mom's signature fried rice. We spend the rest of the day avoiding my dad as we know he will surely find something for us to do. In spite of all this, I will always miss home because there is nothing like it.

ITAMAH OKOS UN

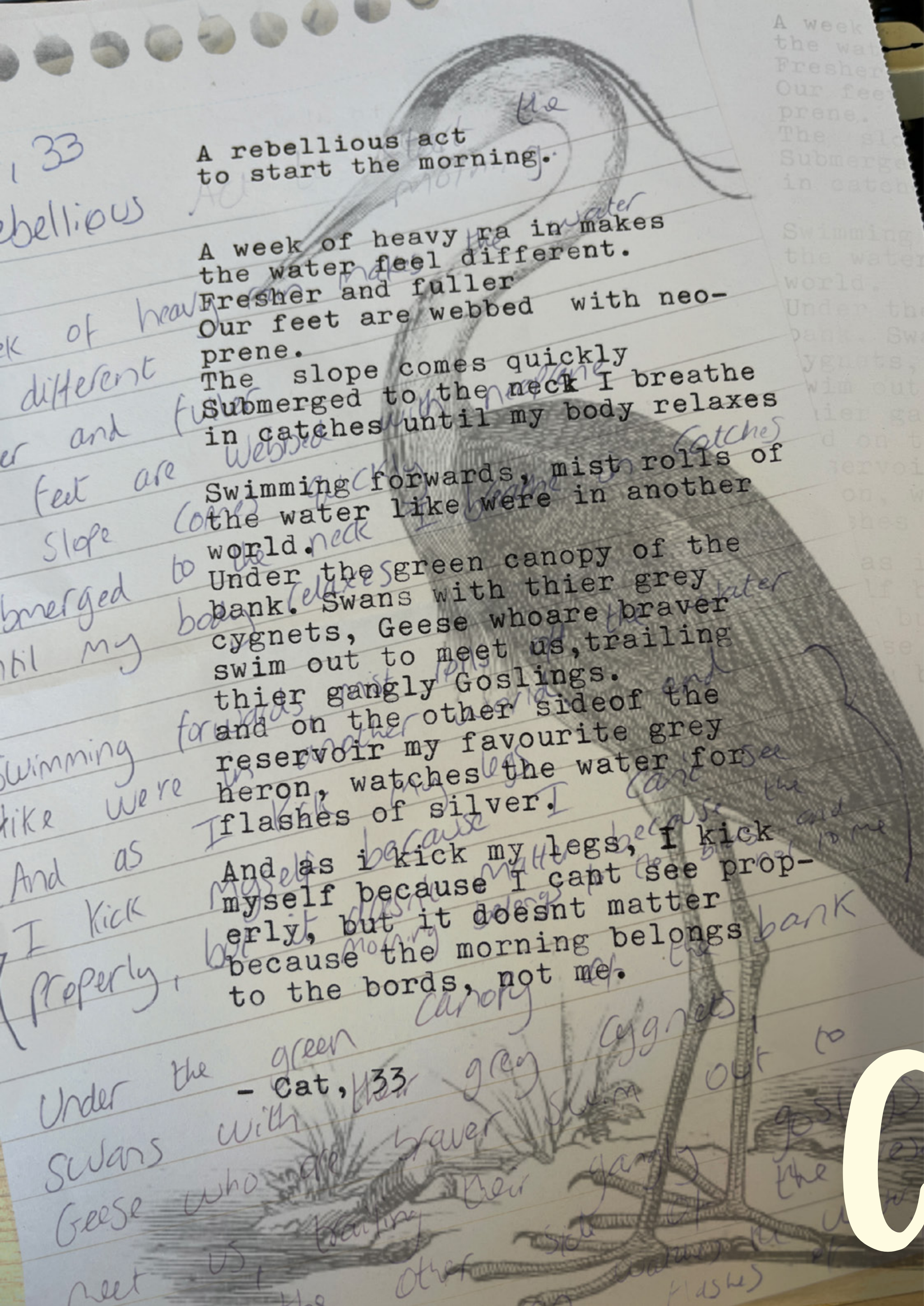
I can still smell my Moms cooking.

On a warm Saturday morning, I promised I would only take one serving but I couldn't help myself. My sister comes downstairs to try to sneak out for a party while my Dad is watching the news.

My brother is hiding somewhere to avoid doing the dishes, as usual. My Friends come over to take what's left of my Moms signature fried rice. We spend the rest of the day avoiding Dad as we know he will surely find something for us to do. In spite of all this, I will always miss my home because there is nothing like it.

- Itamah Okos Un

Itamah



A rebellious act to start the morning.

A week of heavy rain makes the water
feel different -- Fresher, and fuller.
Our feet are webbed with neoprene.
The slop comes quickly.
Submerged to the neck I breathe in
catches until my body relaxes.

Swimming forwards, mist rolls off the
water like we're in another world.

Under the green canopy of the bank
swans with their grey cygnets, geese
-- who are braver, swim out to meet us,
trailing their gangly goslings,
and on the other side of the reservoir
my favourite grey heron watches the
water for flashes of silver,

And as I kick my legs,
I kick myself because I can't see
properly,
but it doesn't matter because the
morning belongs to the birds
and not to me.

- Cat, 33

Cat

The Nature of the Earth

The planet is full of life like a pool of
water,
like a library full of books,
like a party full of people.

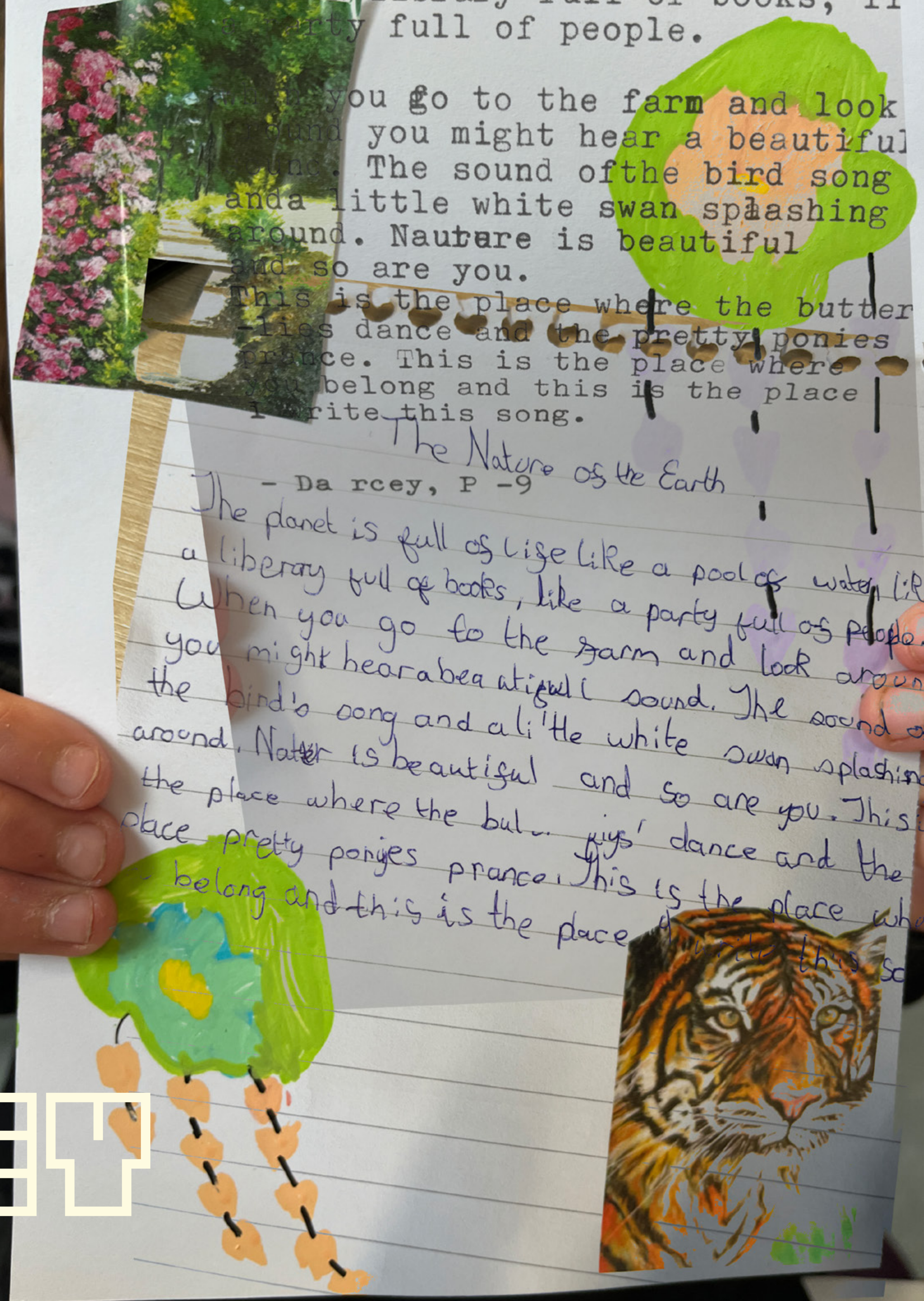
When you go to the farm and look
around you might hear a beautiful
sound. The sound of the birds song and
a little white swan splashing around.

Nature is beautiful,
and so are you.

This is the place where butterflies dance
and the pretty ponies prance. This is
the place where you belong,
and this is the place I write this song.

- Darcey P , 9

DARCEY



A Red Butterfly.

My lawn is neglected
and has grown wild.

A very unusual butterfly
came to visit.

Its colour was red
smells of roses.

The freshness after the rain
A walk in the woods.

In solitude
Meditate

Nature is Gods present to us
a provider, and constant
friend.

Where I seek peace.
Where I seek safety.

-Carrie Wei, 50

Where I seek peace
Where I seek safety

CARRIE WEI, 50

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Carrie

- Carrie Wei, 50

High above a storm of voices,
Home is a time beaten crow's nest.
A serene, angular pocket of life,
Collecting the detritus of the day-to-day.
Far away from prying eyes.

This where I watch my ocean,
And let the time waste away.



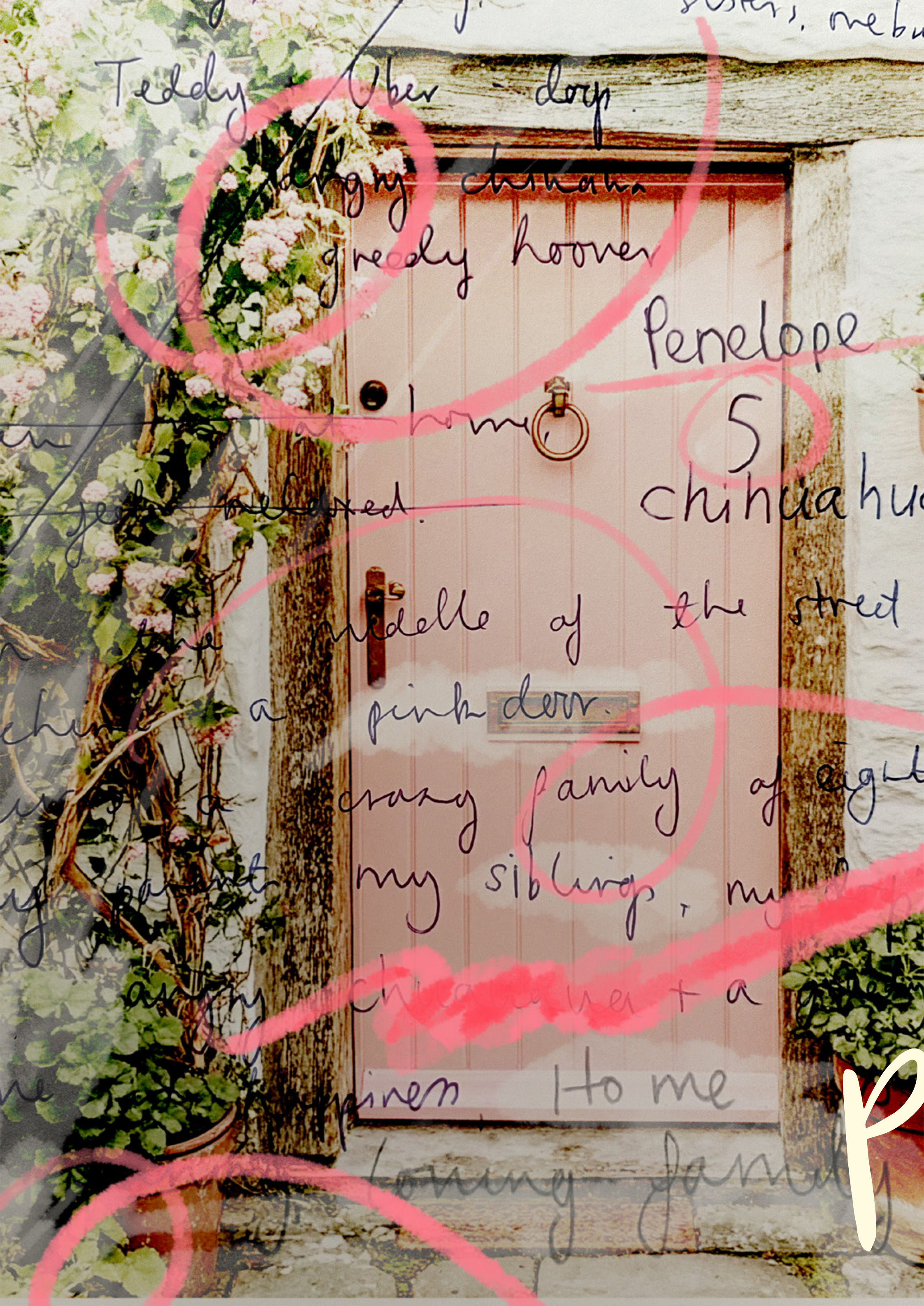
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Far away from prying eyes

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And let the time waste away.

- Matt, 28

Matt



Home is happiness.

In the middle of the street, behind the pink door lives a caring family of eight. My parents, my siblings, my dog. An angry Chihuahua and a greedy hoover.

Home is happiness.

Home is my funny, loving, family.

- Penelope, 5

Penelope



was



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